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Handel's "L'Allegro, Il Pensieroso, ed Il Moderato."

[Translated for this Journal from the German of CHRYSANDER.]

[Continued from page 26.]

No. 7. Air for Soprano and Tenor. The unrestrained mirth of the laughing Air and Chorus (Nos. 5 and 6) leads to the Dance, and laughingly the sets are formed. "Come, and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe;" calls Allegro, in a charming Air of lively minuet movement, in which the spoken accents are arbitrarily reversed; and the Chorus (No. 8) exerts itself, to its best ability, to keep up with the merriment. What a flowing stream of joy! what pure satisfaction!

9—12. Rec. and Air, Soprano. The Melancholy one, on the other hand, becomes all the more deeply self-absorbed, and with the absorption his wings grow: against the dancing youth he devoutly summons the solemn figure of a nun, whom he invests, like a goddess, with all conceivable majesty in gait and costume, in look and bearing, the incarnation of a lofty, earnest life. His soul falls into rapture, and in several places his song (consisting of four sentences) is penetrated by a sweet and flowing Cantilena, particularly fervent in the last sentence, which is in praise of "calm peace and quiet, spare fast," &c.; and where the chorus too resounds in confirmation. Little as the total effect of this Pensieroso scene can be compared to the preceding one of the Allegro, and clearly as we remark the exertion which it costs the Pensieroso to begin to soar,—still he has broken a pathway for himself and chorus, and by the side of outright Mirth has placed the full resounding counter-mood. Here the images fit so well into each other, that one might fancy the text to have been arranged originally in this order.

13—15. L'Allegro steps forward again; but first he must once more drive away Melancholy in a recitative, and woo Joy to him, so strongly has the preceding scene worked on him. And now follows a song to Joy: "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," full of cordial good nature, bright and cheerful as a Spring morning with the lark's song; and indeed it is the lark whose image here appears, in both the melody and the accompaniment (violin), to "startle the dull night," and "at my window bid good morrow!" It is a Soprano that sings this.

16—17. Pensieroso, to offset this, brings forward another Soprano, a spirit differently attuned, and another of Nature's songsters. Night draws on, and "on golden wing the cherub Contemplation" brings; nothing disturbs the general stillness; only the Nightingale ("Philomel") awakes, and with it the life of the night, Music, the out-streaming light of the soul. Having reached this mood, the Pensieroso is all-powerful and celebrates a true transfiguration in the Nightingale Aria:

"Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly," a miracle of ideality as well as truth to Nature. With all its richness, simple in the principal features of the voice part, as Handel's songs always are, strictly adhering to unity and deeply musical, this song invites even the most timorous beginners to attempt it, although only the most finished art can fully master it. The principal portion is in D major; the short middle part in D minor (the usual counterpart in all set arias of that time), containing some of the finest traits in the whole movement, describes the pause in the song of the nightingale, while the pensive wanderer beholds "the moon, riding near her highest noon." The first part comes back in the original key, and anew, with all the more effect, the nightingale song breaks out again, pouring its full splendor on the nocturnal scene. It is the crown of all nightingale songs. Who could surpass or even equal it! On no account, in performances, must the repetition of the first part, the *Da Capo*, be left out; nothing but the unsettled sense of musical form of the present day (or the more recent past) could persuade itself that the grounds for such a repetition lay in the taste of Handel's time, and not in the very nature of the thing itself. As if we could despise and repudiate the practice of a time, which, as the producer of the greatest works of our Art, must be called the classical age of music!

18—19. Against such outpourings from the soul's depths, L'Allegro has a hard case of it; here he vanishes, as did the lark before the nightingale. But as the silent night to Melancholy to him belongs the cheerful morn, and suddenly we see him stand before us as a hunter, "from the side of some hoar hill," listening to "the hounds and horn." His hunting song is such a simple, such a lusty popular melody of the primeval forest, that it can almost be called a children's song.

20—21. Il Pensiero sets the evening against the morning. His song in B-flat major: "Oft on a plat of rising ground," we have already had referred to as one of the most famous of the singer Harrison. It is devoted to the solemn evening bells, the "curfew" booming deep and heavy in the accompaniment, and to the peace of the domestic hearth,

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

The dreamy conclusion, lingering on the last suggestion, is especially attractive and capable of great expression. The following somewhat longer Air in E flat (inserted a year later for the tenor Beard): "Far from all resort of Mirth," treats of two more images of home-like evening life, "the cricket on the hearth," and "the bell-man's drowsy charm," both of them of course provided with their musical attributes in the accompaniment.

22—27.—But of such musical suggestions, drawn from life around us, L'Allegro easily commands the richest assortment. So he

comes briskly on the ground again, first in a fine *Siciliana*:

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms on hillocks green,

Among the happy, busy husbandmen; then in a beautiful melodious *Andante con moto* to the "nibbling flocks" on "russet lawns and fallows grey;" in the richly moulded middle part (*recitative*) gazing up at the mountains and the woods, with "meadows trim," and dancing brooks, "towers and battlements," "bosomed high in tufted trees." And now he hears the music of the tambourine and fiddle: "Or let the merry bells ring round," with runs of octaves imitated from the London chimes; he describes with rapture "many a youth and many a maid, dancing in the chequer'd shade." And then immediately the chorus falls in: "And young and old come forth to play on a sunshine holiday." Then this cheerful, radiant tone-picture fades away into still evening twilight, like the day itself; the glad but weary figures creep to bed, "by whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep." With this echoing *pianissimo*, one of the most beautiful and most effective pieces of the kind that can be found in Handel, the First Part closes. L'Allegro has the last word, and evidently he conducts himself here in the first part like the man of the day.

PART SECOND.—28—31. In the second part, on the contrary, it would seem that Il Pensieroso is to be in the ascendant; he takes possession at the outset. Again, and in stronger expressions than before, he drives away all idle joys as things too empty and shallow for a soul seeking something more substantial, and he gives himself up to earnest midnight studies, while the gay people that were sporting in the sun are lying fast asleep. So far the beautiful opening recitative. In the ensuing Air in F minor he turns to the old Greek tragedians and—judging as an academic student must have judged, who thought to solve the question of immortality from Plato—to "what, though rare, of later age" can be compared to these productions of the Attic stage,—by which he does *not* mean as we shall see (when it comes to L'Allegro's turn) the only modern dramas which really can be placed beside the ancient:—difficult, nay thankless propositions, which Handel nevertheless knew how to weave into a noble and significant tone-picture. In the next sentence the music is more fortunate. As before from the philosophers to the tragedians, so now from these he passes to the mythological minstrels or Musagetes, to Museus, and to Orpheus, whom he would fain wake to life and hear him sing "such notes as, warbled to the string, drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." This song, in E major, has much resemblance with the nightingale air, only the *coloratur* (florid embellishment) is richer and more difficult to execute; this also has a single florid voice for an accompaniment, only not this time a flute,

but the deeper and more homelike violoncello. And so the midnight meditations last until, as we have it in the last words of the Recitative, "unwelcome morn appears."

32-3. But early in the morning L'Allegro with a whole troop of companions has flocked into the city, enjoying in anticipation the cheerful stir and bustle of a great place. "Populous cities (changed from Milton's "Towering cities") please us then." The chorus is led in by a jovial bass solo (which should be sung by a single voice, not by all, nor even by a few of the chorus basses, for throughout the whole work we have to do only with the two forms of L'Allegro and Il Pensieroso, whose promptings the chorus simply has to follow, without being able to call up any mood by its own power); and the Chorus with vivacity prolongs the tone that has been struck, depicting the suggestions very palpably, the bee-like "busy hum of men" in the market place, the solemn pomp of proud knights in procession, "with store of ladies, whose bright eyes rain influence and judge the prize." In the passage where the knights "in weeds of peace high triumpha hold," especially at the close, we are reminded of kindred passages in the Hallelujah chorus of the *Messiah*; thoughts, which he has there distinctly stamped, here come up hinted as it were beforehand, which is frequently the case with Handel. Then L'Allegro in a lively air invokes Hymen and nuptial merriment in the full splendor of the olden time, "with mask and antique pageantry,"—

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Here he must have been thinking of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," but not anticipating that all the world would also think of it one day, prepared for the happiest understanding of the allusion found in these lines.

34-5. Il Pensieroso retreats before the scorching sun, under the leafy shelter of the grove, and so comes almost to close contact with L'Allegro, who also was for courting elves and fairies in the woods, but altogether in another mood, hiding himself in deepest solitude. Here, surrounded by the hum of bees and murmuring streams, he would fain fall asleep, rise on the wings of "some strange mysterious dream," and then wake up to the sound of music, all around him, sent by "the unseen genius of the wood;" this is all felt as if it were actually present in the wonderfully dreamy music in A flat.

36. Now follows the last great scene of L'Allegro. He is a friend of the theatre, not the learned but the living. To be sure he reverences the "learned" Ben Jonson, but only as a spectator before the stage. These are the notable lines in which Milton expresses himself about Shakespeare. He calls him "sweetest," "Fancy's child," warbling "his native wood-notes wild," and places Jonson's humor and learning at his side, as England has done almost to our day. And herein lurks already the germ of the later French prejudices. But what is most worthy of remark, he places the two first English dramatists, and with them the whole English theatre, in L'Allegro's circle, and not with the few among modern dramas which Pensieroso had seen fit to couple

with Greek tragedy; indeed there is no doubt that he had accorded this honor, not to Hamlet and Othello, but to the Latin imitations of the Greek originals proceeding from the *humanists*. For music these comparisons were not particularly inspiring, yet not entirely against the grain; so Handel has brought the text into an at once dignified and lively strain, dwelling especially on the idea of Shakespeare; but for the rest he has merely made music with the natural flow which it could hardly help having. Always with him it seems to flow on easily and without effort; nothing appears labored and dug out, not even where more toil and delving might perhaps have brought to light something more original and more poetic: this was the shaping law of his whole nature and stood above his will. * * *

37-30. In the following air, L'Allegro seeks to drive off "eating cares" through "soft Lydian measures," married to "immortal verse," adorned with all the arts of song, and charming forth "the hidden soul of harmony." Yet one step farther goes L'Allegro in these musical moods, in the Air: "Orpheus self may heave his head," where he imagines Orpheus himself listening with rapture to such strains as surely would have purchased freedom for Eurydice. The music is beautiful and original; but none of these songs take a deep hold, since they move more in the region of ideas than feelings. Yet they stand in precisely their right place, as the outlets of the mood of the Allegro; we see that herewith he exhausts himself and has completed his orbit. Now he attunes his fresh closing song:

These delights if thou can't give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

The song leads into a chorus, re-affirming all with stormy joy and growing to a grand a climax as one could desire.

41. And now Il Pensieroso makes the close. It is here in Art as it is in life: to the soul's deep, earnest mood belongs the last word. In the "dim religious light" of silent cloister walks, he hears the full choir from the church, borne up by "the pealing organ;" his spirit soars, and his enraptured eye sees heaven opening. Under the impression of this holy awe he feels as if, having now reached the evening of life, he must become a pious hermit, and as such (for still the youthful love of fame stirs here) become a knowing and prophetic sage. This he expresses in a noble closing air in D minor, which leads into the fugued Chorus:

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

[To be Continued.]

Paine's St. Peter.

[From the Portland Press, June 4.]

The oratorio performance of last evening was a brilliant, important and entire success, which will greatly increase the musical reputation of our city. As yet, America is too newly organized a country—too much occupied with the severer problems of existence, the development of its immense resources—to have attained a general high culture in art; and particularly in music, which in the world's history has ever been a later result of civilization, than painting or sculpture. It is only within a few years that music has been recognized here in its higher significance, and the great and immortal works of the masters listened to with ever-increasing enjoyment and admiration. Nothing could more distinctly indicate the great progress made, than the successful attempt by a native composer in the high

and austere department of the oratorio; and its intelligent and adequate performance and cordial reception in his native city. Without the aids, adventitious and distracting, of scenery, costumes and theatrical situations; without the excitement of powerfully portrayed human passion, an oratorio must depend wholly upon its merits of sincere thought and feeling, expressed by means of appropriate and learned musical forms of writing. In this we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Paine has succeeded in his oratorio, "St. Peter."

The overture would seem to express the mighty unformed longing of the people, led by a prescient instinct to look for a diviner and clearer knowledge. Beginning with an adagio movement in B flat minor, the melody—which of the accentuation is most expressive—soon becomes more agitated. A powerful *motif* in the bass emphasizes the reiterated questioning. Like a prophecy of coming good, as yet unknown, is the brief *cantilena* of the wind instruments, recognized by the eager upward rush of the strings, until the repeated dominant of C, commented upon by an earnest bass subject, is at last accepted as the long sought solution, and leads into the powerful and stirring chorus expectant of triumph: "The time is fulfilled." The second theme of this number, "repent and believe," is exceedingly well written; the striking intervals to which is set the word "Repent," contrasting with the elaborate figures of the words, and believe the glad tidings." This first chorus would alone be enough to prove that the composer was familiar with the traditions of the great contrapuntists, and knew how to adapt his resources to the just expression of his ideas. The important *aria* for soprano, "The spirit of the Lord," is admirable and expressive. The representation of the twelve disciples by individual singers, instead of the voices of the whole chorus, forms a very dramatic feature of the work. The first chorus for these twelve voices, *tenori* and *bassi* divided, begins *all' unisono*, with a melodious and clearly defined theme, "We go before the face of the Lord." At the words "By the remission of their sins," the voices separate in skillfully written four-part harmony, to which is soon added the mixed chorus. After a lovely *chorale*—of which the harmonic progressions and instrumentation given to it by Mr. Paine are well fitted to the grand simplicity of its melody—a brief phrase of soprano recitative precedes the question, "Who do men say that I am?" answered by a very expressive and original passage for the disciples, and by the emphatic phrases of Peter. After a noble tenor *aria*, occurs the grand *aria* for bass, "My heart is glad," a song of rejoicing and hopeful strength. "The church is built," is a very solidly written chorus in two well-contrasted movements, in which, as in many other numbers, the composer displays great command of the resources of his art. This exalted and powerful number closes the first scene of the sacred drama.

A soprano recitative begins the scene upon the Mount of Olives, and is followed by a most expressive *aria* for the tenor. The recitative "Before the cock crow," is answered by Peter's confident words, repeated a fourth higher, with increased emphasis by the disciples. The lovely aria for tenor, "Let not your heart," is exquisitely tender and peaceful. The beautiful quartet and chorus, "Sanctify us," seems to us rather written upon the models afforded by Mozart, in his masses, than upon the severer types of sacred music; and is a very attractive number of the work. A contralto recitative narrates the coming of Judas with the multitude, and the desertion of the disciples. In the succeeding chorus, "We hid our faces from him," the composer has arrived at a most pathetic expression of a world's woe and contrition. The accompaniment to the second theme, "He was brought as a lamb," is noticeable for the masterly management of counterpoint, and its original and admirable harmonies. Next follows the highly dramatic scene where Peter denies his Lord. The orchestration of this passage is exceedingly vivid. After the lamenting interlude which depicts the remorse and despair of Peter, comes the repentant pleading *aria* "O God! my God, forsake me not." To this succeeds a solemn and beautiful chorus of angels—*sopranos* and *contralti* divided, thus complementing the similar chorus of *bassi* and *tenori*. The notes of the harp alone accompany the voices, until the entrance of the vigorous and cheering *allegro* theme for full chorus, "And he that overcometh." A serious and expressive contralto *aria*, "The Lord is faithful and righteous," precedes the chorus, "Awake thou that sleepest," which is very powerfully written, including fine *fugue* passages. With this climax the first part of the oratorio closes.

The Ascension forms the subject of the second part, which begins with the chorus "The Son of Man," telling the story of the crucifixion. Nothing more profoundly pathetic, more deeply touching in its utter grief, can be imagined than its opening phrases. It recalled to us the tender, heartfelt strains, full of love and sorrow, with which Bach in his marvellous "Passion Music" mourns for the dead Saviour, as for one to whose life and sufferings he had been an eye-witness. After the first mournful phrases, *all' unisono* in F minor, closing on the dominant chord of which the fifth only is taken by the voices, giving an indescribable effect of vague fear and wonder, to which no solution presents itself—for the brass instruments are scored a finely managed and strongly accented succession of harmonies, while the voices narrate the crucifixion. Like a burst of sunlight, comes "And on the third day," in the key of F major, and to which the prominence of the chord of C imparts peculiar vigor and brightness. Another *chorale*, expressive of trust and hope, is followed by a beautiful scene for tenor and bass, of which the recitatives and *arioso* are full of life and expression; a soprano recitative and the chorus "If ye then be risen," somewhat in the modern style of writing, and exceedingly spontaneous and tuneful. After a contralto recitative and an impressive and majestic soprano *aria* "O man of God," the scene of the Ascension closes with a beautiful quartet, "Feed the flock of God."

The tenor recitative, relating the miracle of the Pentecost, is remarkable for its vividly descriptive orchestral accompaniment. To this succeeds the chorus "The Voice of the Lord." The theme is admirably indicated, and this number seems to us among the finest and most original of the work. The wondering chorus, "Behold! are not all these Galileans?", precedes a soprano recitative, and an *aria* for Peter, of the highest dramatic interest both in its vocal and orchestral parts. To this is contrasted the sombre, meditative *aria* for contralto "As for Man," which is written in a large and noble manner, with a very beautiful accompaniment. To the agitated and intense questioning of the people "What shall we do to be saved," Peter and the disciples reply by a singularly lovely melody, "For the promise." A tenor recitative introduces the important chorus, "This is the witness of God."

This number is very skilfully written, although in the second part there seems an occasional want of clearness, and the harmonic treatment appears a little involved and over elaborated. Another *chorale*, very effective in orchestration, precedes a short recitative for soprano, and the *aria* of Peter with chorus, "Now as ye were redeemed." Next comes a fine duet for soprano and tenor, introducing the magnificent final chorus, "Great and marvellous," which in its massive harmonies, grand proportions and emotional power forms a fitting termination to the oratorio.

We have not space to particularize the many points of skillful instrumentation, fortunate melodic and harmonic traits, and contrapuntal elaborations which so richly deserve especial praise.

The singers, soloists and chorus were admirable in their several departments. Mrs. Wetherbee's clear and powerful soprano was, of course, very effective in the recitatives and *aria* allotted to her, as also in the concerted music. Her smooth *cantabile* was displayed in the *aria* "The Spirit of the Lord," and in the noble song "O, man of God"—which in its earnest, natural and original melody, and interesting accompaniment, indicates the wholesome influence of Mr. Paine's faithful and loving study of Bach's works—Mrs. Wetherbee's pure, vigorous style and firm *sostenuto*, found full scope.

Miss Adelaide Phillips' rich, deep contralto, and fine dramatic power, gave great interest and life to the music of her part. In the air "The Lord is faithful," the velvety tones and smooth phrasing of the *artiste* gave great pleasure to the audience, and the solemn phrases of "As for man," seemed even more apted to display the rich resources at her command.

Mr. Osgood's task was an exceedingly arduous one, and he acquitted himself well; singing the beautiful music of his part with much expression, and in an unaffected and manly style, evincing sincere study and appreciation of his part. A slight inequality of tone was at times noticeable, but was by no means enough to materially mar the effect of his generally fine performance.

Mr. Rudolphsen, to whom was intrusted the role of Peter, sang with power and dignity, entering into his part with appreciative fervor. The high tones of his voice were very effective, and his rendering throughout very satisfactory. The air "Ye men of

Judea," gave him an opportunity for fine effect, which he improved.

The chorus sang with the greatest spirit and expression, and showed the good effects of careful conscientious study, and individual enthusiasm and intelligence. The beauty of tone attained by the Haydn Association is very remarkable, and their shading is exceedingly fine. They have arrived at the mastery of the *pianissimo*, and chorus singers and conductors need not be told how much praise that implies.

The orchestra was hardly sufficiently familiar with some parts of the very difficult score; but on the whole, did well. The harp passages were admirably represented on the piano-forte by Mrs. Gosse, the *pianiste* of the Haydn Association.

The presence of Mr. Paine, who conducted this first performance of his oratorio, was inspiring to the forces under his baton, and the audience gave him a cordial and enthusiastic reception.

The Voice, and how to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL,

[From the Worcester Palladium.]

XV.

Pupil. You have quoted the lament of Sir Arthur Helps—"No one sees the beauty of being second." Now do you think there is really pleasure or beauty in occupying an inferior position? Of course I am taking the matter as it really stands. Is it possible to occupy a subordinate position with complacency?

Mr. D. Possible? yes. Easy? no. We are a race of selfish egotists, taken in our natural condition, and each one of us over-estimates his own ability. As I have said before, every tenor wishes to be considered capable of singing the highest part in a quartet, and every bass considers himself injured if asked to take the upper part. Now this is palpably wrong. When four persons have a quartet to sing, they should make up their minds to sink their personality, and render the music in such a manner that no voice will be made prominent or even recognizable. The less the individual voices are heard, the better, as a rule, is the quartet. Perfect blending of tone, perfect uniting to carry out one central idea, is what is most desirable. It frequently occurs that the highest priced church choirs give the poorest quartet singing, because each member assumes to know better than the director, how to sing his or her part. It is all wrong. Each should learn to subordinate himself or herself to the general good. If all are generals, who is to do the fighting? Now, I have already remarked that "water will find its own level, spite of all obstructions, but the stream will never run up hill." Assuming to be great will not make you so; assuming to be able to do great things will frequently serve only to subject you to mortification. We read the fable of the frog who strove to equal the ox in size, and at once see the application of it—to others, but not to ourselves. Now there are certain sayings in vogue like this:—"Think well of yourself, and others will think well of you." "Brass is the most valuable of metals." "A smooth cheek and thick skin will carry a man to Heaven." I will not comment on the good or poor taste displayed in the use of such slang; but the idea intended to be conveyed is, that presumption and assumption are sure to make one successful. The first of the adages is good, when it is used to mean that if you respect yourself others will have respect for you, but when used to encourage egotism, it is bad. In consequence of this self-glorification, singers are apt to be most disagreeable people. Believing in themselves as infallible, too frequently contenting themselves with their musical life, knowing and caring little about what goes on outside in the every-day-world, they are in danger of becoming warped and cramped in their natures, and while they have many admirers, have but few friends.

Pupil. What a wholesale condemnation! The less one has to do with music as a profession, the better, one would think.

Mr. D. On the contrary, let us not so quietly abandon music, the noblest of the arts, into the keeping of such perverts. Music should ennoble the character, and will, if used nobly; but if it is to be left entirely to those who take a purely selfish view of it, it must become degraded. Why cannot artists be great in all things, instead of great only in point of talent? Why should not Signora Augusta, who is a recognized favorite and great artist, be willing to allow Signora Benjamina, a new comer, to receive her share of applause? Why should Signora Augusta wish it all? Why, even

though her contract states that she is to have only the leading business, should not she be willing even to sing Adalgisa to the Norma of Signora Benjamina? Is she not great enough to be able to? Then her merit is not of a substantial character.

Pupil. But then you must remember the position in which she will be placed before the public. They will say that she must be inferior to the other, because she takes the subordinate part; but still, it might do, if they were to exchange parts afterwards.

Mr. D. But supposing they do not. Suppose the manager wishes to bring out Norma, and both wish to sing the leading part, both being entitled to it, but Signora Benjamina refuses to sing second to the other, why should not Signora Augusta feel sufficiently magnanimous to sing second? She does not thereby belittle herself. She does not thereby acknowledge inferiority, and even though she did, she does not prove it. It is an old saying, "that a poor man cannot afford to dress shabbily, but to a man of wealth it makes no difference." Just so with singers. A true artist can afford to occupy any position. If he cannot stand such a test, he is no artist.

Pupil. But genuine artists do not in just this selfish manner, do they not?

Mr. D. Indeed yes! more is the pity. But how much more beautiful the whole profession would be, if less selfishness, less egotism, more genuine appreciation for each other, were shown! I do not like these people who are always saying, "You should hear me sing that part; it would be worth your while"—or "hat man can't play; just you hear me do it—*Play* you"—or "I can sing a better high A than anybody else in town." *Ego, ego, ego.* It does sound bold, does it not? But, after all, I think that such people are to be pitied too; for having been flattered to an unlimited extent to their faces, they have come to regard themselves as perfect examples. When you receive smooth flattery to your face, take it for just what it is worth, and no more. Do not be led to think that you are a finished artist, simply because somebody tells you so. Distrust flatterers. If your singing does not please, do not blame your audience, but yourself. Depend upon it, if your audience do not like your singing, it is because you have not magnetized them. Do not call them stupid, but rather study to find the fault, and then overcome it. Perhaps your selection did not please, or you sang coldly, or your accompaniment was not good, or something or other was wrong. Find it out, and try again. Learn to criticize but never to flatter yourself. And to close as I began, always try to recognize the beauty of being second.

XVI.

Pupil. What is the best thing to use before singing to render the voice clear.

Mr. D. Use nothing at all. Nature has provided a means of lubrication which is all-sufficient. The use of troches, ale, porter, wine, beef-tea, water, or in fact anything, I believe to be bad, not only as being useless, but as establishing bad habits. A distinguished Boston teacher always used to advise his pupils to eat a piece of dry cracker or crust of bread before singing, and experience will convince any one that it is the best thing to do; but I am inclined to believe that nothing at all is better still. To be sure it may seem to you that the throat must become dry at times, but I think you will find that it is only a matter of habit. If you accustom yourself to drinking ale with your dinner, you will feel that you must have it, yet I doubt if it be essential to the comfort of all. If you are accustomed to walking two or three miles a day, I think you would feel the need of the exercise if confined to the house for a few days. Of course this has been said hundreds of times; I have no idea of saying anything new and original when I say that habit makes us slaves. We get accustomed to thinking in certain directions, and we betide the daring man who shall endeavor to turn our thoughts into other channels. We do not want to take the trouble to change our way of thinking or doing. "These wretched radicals are a nuisance. Why can't they let us alone? The world has gone on well enough without their crotchets, and probably will a while longer. Why not be content to let well enough alone?" Well, there is a beautiful chance to preach a sermon just here, but I forbear. The strong probabilities are that I should say what has been already said by others, in better fashion than I could put it, but the point I wish to arrive at is just this;—we are creatures of habit and accustomed to move in ruts. When any question comes up, a little out of our or-

dinary life, we do not stop to reason on it, but go to somebody who has established a certain way of thinking, and accept what is told us, as being the veritable truth without doubt; yet different advisers give totally differing advice. For instance—several years ago, having to sing in concerts, I said to a baritone singer of some reputation, "What shall I use before singing?" "A little wine, either claret or Rhine," was his reply. Sometime after, I asked a *Prima Donna*, "Porter" was her advice. Again I tried with a "distinguished baritone," "Gargle your throat with tannin." Afterwards I sought advice of a basso of note, who used beef-tea. And so it went, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another, each individual being convinced of the correctness of his or her own position, "for they had tried it." Finally I received the advice regarding the "crust of bread or piece of dry cracker," which I thought best of all; but as I could not always have either with me, and as I have been quite as likely to be required to sing without notice as with, I gradually found even that unnecessary, and then came the establishing in my mind of the idea which one would almost think must have been forgotten by mankind, that the good Father has prepared for every need of ours. This vocal machinery is self-lubricating. But if you accustom the throat to other things, you will be just as much a slave to the habit of using them, as any taper is to the habit of taking noon-dram.

Pupil. How about smoking? Is that injurious to the voice?

Mr. D. That is a question which I always dread. I shall be sure to shock somebody, and every singer who may differ from my opinion will shrug his shoulders and look wise. I am convinced that it is not a question which I can answer for you, or you for me. Generally, if you ask a physician the same question, he will be governed by the fact of being a smoker or non-smoker. Just so with teachers. Those who do not smoke think it altogether injurious, while those who do, see no harm in it. Now my own opinion is that one may smoke in moderation, without injury, but that carried to excess, it is injurious. Now there is a genuine Bunsby opinion for you. It means simply this. Some people may smoke without injury to the vocal organs, while others cannot. Many of the finest singers have been inveterate smokers, the *Italianni* especially, and I have even known a tenor to smoke cigarettes persistently behind the scenes and commence the prison-song in "Trovatore" while the smoke was curling about his head. Understand me, I do not believe the voice to be benefited by smoking, but simply, that some may smoke with impunity, while others cannot. Each must judge for himself though I will suggest that if you are in any doubt about it, your safe plan will be to let it alone. You certainly cannot injure your voice by not smoking. Still, some are fond of practically testing theories.

Pupil. What do you think about being so very careful of the voice as some are? I have known singers who were careful to speak in just such a tone, and eat at just such a time to save their voices.

Mr. D. I think about them just as I do about the habit of "coddling" children. Treat them like babies and they will always be babies. Let them have freedom, and they will not suffer. When I hear people talk about "saving their voices," I feel sorry for them. They could do much better, and be far more comfortable if they were less careful. I do not believe that God ever gave a human being a glorious voice simply to make money with it. I believe it to be the positive duty of all singers, to make this world just as bright as they can to others. Therefore, when in company, and asked to sing, I hold that they should not refuse, on the ground of saving the voice. The voice should be able to stand all the wear that it would receive at such times. But I have a good deal to say on this subject which we will leave for the present. I do not believe in being imprudent, but I do not believe in over-carefulness.

Handel's "Belshazzar."

Those who look with apprehension upon what is called the "progress" of music in our day may find some comfort in the avidity with which ancient masterpieces are hunted up and once more brought out to the light. The advanced school of musical faith and practice is, in truth, but one development among several of the restless spirit which pervades that particular domain of modern thought. It has its correlative and its corrective in the revived attention paid to the great works of the past—an attention which seems, year by year, to increase both its

no force and the area of its operations. How completely Bach has been resuscitated of late there is need to tell; while, as regards Bach's great contemporary, Handel, an obvious disposition exists not only to know more about him where he is already known, but to make his music familiar where hitherto it has not penetrated. Readers of foreign musical news must, latterly, have been struck with this fact; and it behoves England, the Handelian country *par excellence*, to see that in comprehensive acquaintance with the master's works it keeps the place so long held by right of passionate regard for his genius. Of late years not much has been done to extend a knowledge of Handel among us; the societies upon which this task naturally devolves contenting themselves with the regular presentation of a few of his greatest works. Happily there arose the "Oratorio Concerts"—now merged with the Albert Hall Society—and *Jephtha* was revived amid lively marks of public satisfaction. To the same energy and artistic zeal we are now indebted for the awaking of *Belshazzar* from a sleep of twenty five years—that time having elapsed since it was produced by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of the late Mr. Surman, who, whatever his faults as a conductor, was not one of the "rest and be thankful" school. Handel's tenth oratorio may lack the sublimity of the *Messiah*, the grandeur of *Israel in Egypt*, and the patriotic enthusiasm of *Judas Maccabaeus*; but, even apart from the fact that nothing inspired by genius should die, it deserves revival, because it contains some of the master's noblest efforts—"thunderbolts" like those which extorted the admiration of Beethoven for the greatest of musical Vulcans. Doubtless, the work has drawbacks, and it is equally beyond question that these will keep *Belshazzar* out of the highest class of public favorites; but the drawbacks are not so much Handel's fault as the fault of the libretto. Charles Jennens, Esq., of Gopsall Hall, may have been a great personage in his day—none but a great personage would ride from Bloomsbury to Fleet Street in a carriage and four simply to correct "proofs"—but he was a bad poet, and a worse dramatist. His bad poetry appeared in the "Il Moderato," which he associated with the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton; and his worse dramatism is shown in the book of *Belshazzar*. As an oratorio libretto, nothing could be less happy than this. It opens with some trite moralizing by Nitocris, Belshazzar's Queen, who is made an eminently religious person, and a decided "bore." Next, a certain Gobrias is introduced, bearing a deadly grudge against Belshazzar for some reason which enters not at all into the plot. Cyrus is made a conscious instrument in the hands of the Jewish God, about whom he knew nothing, or, knowing, cared nothing; and, alone among the characters introduced, Daniel stands out as something like a truthful as well as heroic figure. The action is even more absurd than, on the whole, are the *dramatic personae*. In proof of this only one example need be cited. At the crisis of the story, when Daniel has interpreted the writing on the wall to the terrified monarch, and the situation is one of almost agonizing interest, Mr. Jennens puts up Nitocris with a maternal lecture, which ends the scene! True, we get another glimpse of Belshazzar after the entry of Babylon by Cyrus; but then he is flourishing his sword, and crying, "Cyrus, come on!" like a drunken Macbeth. Handel, familiar as he was with bad books, must have suppressed a good deal of "noble rage" when setting this. True, he wrote his thanks to Jennens for what he called "a very fine and sublime oratorio," but Handel was a needy *impresario*, and Jennens a "person of quality" and a patron of geniuses. The master did not give much time to the composition of *Belshazzar*, though he appears to have refrained almost entirely from "pastes and scissors"; and the result is an overture distinguished by one of Handel's clearest and most spirited fugues, a number of airs and solo pieces, none of which can claim high rank, save a masterpiece of florid composition, entitled "The leafy honors of the field," and a succession of choruses that are alone warrant for the occasional performance of the whole. It is upon these choruses that the claims of *Belshazzar* chiefly rest, and no claims could have a better foundation. Every great quality in Handel's choral writing is here exemplified. We have the picturesque in the defiant taunt of the Babylonians, "Behold, by Persia's hero made;" the profoundly religious in the comments of the captive Jews upon what happens around them; and the bacchanal in the wine-inspired utterances of Belshazzar's Court; while the dramatic element pervading all reaches the highest conceivable climax in the expression of

horror and dismay which follow the appearance of the supernatural writing. As examples of contrapuntal skill, some of the choruses have few superiors in the works of their author, but nothing is sacrificed to mere scholasticism. Handel, better than any man before or since, knew how to make science the handmaid of imagination; and here, while science is splendidly conspicuous, imagination reigns supreme. In the scene of Belshazzar's banquet Handel put forth all his strength as a matter of course. Doing so, he rose to the demands of a tremendous situation, though encumbered by Mr. Jennens's muse, and showed himself what none will dispute his right to be called—a prince among dramatic composers.

The musical world is much indebted to Mr. Barnby and the Albert Hall Choral Society for producing *Belshazzar* on Wednesday week, and for doing so in a manner that invested the occasion with special importance. Mr. Barnby did not follow a recent example of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and abstain from "cuts" but—though freely and wisely using the knife—he presented the work according to Handel's "score," the only supplement being an organ part, written with much taste by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. The effect was strictly Handelian, and, if somewhat colorless to those familiar with the vivid hues of modern orchestration, it had an interest, antiquarian and other, more than sufficient to justify the experiment. Most of the choruses were given in a manner extremely creditable to the conductor and his subordinates, bearing in mind the novelty of the work; and the solos, though marred to some extent by the accident of indisposition, challenged a good deal of applause. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington's delivery of the florid air above referred to was a masterpiece of vocal skill. The music requires extraordinary facility and consummate judgment—qualities which Mme. Lemmens added to the effect of her pure soprano tones in achieving a remarkable success. Cyrus had an excellent representative in Mme. Patey, all his solos, but especially his recitatives, being given with rare dignity of style and artistic power. Mr. Cummings, for whom indulgence was asked, on account of hoarseness, sang the music of *Belshazzar* with spirit and unfailing good taste; and Mr. Patey must be warmly commended for taking the place of Mr. Lewis Thomas, whom illness compelled to retire, and for singing the important music of Daniel with much acceptance. Mr. Thurley Beale represented Gobrias in a manner as efficient as unobtrusive. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Barnby conducted well, or that Dr. Stainer was a capital organist.—*Lond. Mus. World*, May 17.

A Life of Bach.

[From the *London Globe*.]

Sir Julius Benedict, who has written a short preface to Miss Kay-Shuttleworth's volume, makes a comparison between the fortunes of the great contemporaries, Bach and Handel—between the immediate renown of the latter and the life-long obscurity of the former, both leading to an equal crown of glory at the end of a hundred and fifty years. The comparison is obvious, but suggestive. To impugn the greatness of Handel would be flagrantly absurd, even in the face of the fact that by far the greater number of his works, most of which were elaborately adapted to the taste of his true patron, the public of his own time, are now practically ignored. But in the whole history of music the name of John Sebastian Bach stands in one grand respect above every other name. Its owner was not only the patriarch of modern music in its very highest form, but was the very type and model of the true musician, past, present, and to come. Those who listened to the *Matthaeus Passion Music*, so triumphantly rendered a few weeks ago in its proper season, and thought of its history, must have indulged in many reflections on the revenges of time. That immortal work was once heard in public during its composer's life, on Good Friday, 1729, and was then utterly forgotten till Mendelssohn once more gave it to the world at the end of exactly a hundred years. After nearly half a century more it is devoutly listened to by thousands of novelty-hating Englishmen, who, a few years ago, only thought vaguely of Bach as a manufacturer of fugues and other scientific abominations in popular ears. It may be urged that musical appreciation and knowledge have improved. That only shows how far the composer stood in advance of his own time, if it has taken the world a century and a half to overtake one of his footsteps.

The abridgment of his biography, made from the

SICILIAN.

13

SICILIANISCH.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Allegretto.

No. 11.

cres.

f

cres. *f*

f

cres.

Fine.

D.C. senza repla.

SANTA CLAUS.

KNECHT RUPRECHT.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

No. 12. (♩ = 126.)

Musical score for two staves, page 15. The top staff is in G major (indicated by a G with a sharp sign) and the bottom staff is in C major (indicated by a C with a sharp sign). The score consists of six systems of music. The first system starts with a crescendo (cres.) and a piano dynamic (p). The second system begins with a forte dynamic (f). The third system starts with a piano dynamic (p). The fourth system begins with a forte dynamic (f). The fifth system begins with a forte dynamic (ff). The sixth system begins with a forte dynamic (ff). Measures are numbered 1 through 5 above the staff in some places. The notation includes various time signatures (3/4, 4/4, 2/4) and includes measures with 3/4, 4/4, and 2/4 time signatures.

DEAREST MAY.

MAI, LIEBER MAI!

(Bald bist du wieder da!)

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Allegretto quasi Andantino.

No. 13.

works of Herr Bitter, is in form and style rather a collection of dry bones, but it is not the less useful for merely bringing the dates and facts of an uneventful life as closely together as possible. The history of Bach is the chronology of his work, and little more. But the most meagre sketch, if made as simply and faithfully as this, cannot fail to give a noble picture of the grand old master who knew no life but patient art, who never toiled for fame or gain, to whom neglect was nothing and success welcome only so far as it was due. The musical temperament is generally regarded as essentially passionate; the man who had it most perfectly was sublimely calm and self-contained. As is well-known, music was in Bach's very blood; he was of a whole race, or rather caste, of musicians drawing its family tendencies from Veit Bach, the Presburg baker, who used to take his flute with him to the mill and play while his corn was being ground. One of his sons and six of his grandsons became musicians, and their descendants for many generations filled the organ-lofts of Germany to such an extent that in one place an organist was always called a "Bach," whether he really bore that name or no. John Sebastian had not a cousin or near ancestor who was not a musician. Curiously enough, the same story is told of him that is related of Handel—that his earliest studies were made by stealth. The church organists of those days were a jealous generation, and John Sebastian's brother, who brought him up, seems to have wished to keep to himself the inner mysteries of the craft, a course never imitated by his great pupil, who was ever as ready to teach as he was eager to learn. It was the result of copying music secretly by moonlight that in later life cost him the use of his eyes. There is no doubt that without some amount of royal and princely favor, his employers, the Lutheran church authorities, would have let him starve. Not even music-loving Leipzig ever understood its brightest ornament, and his post there was eagerly filled up in anticipation of his death, so that the Thomas Church might look forward to have a "singing master" instead of a composer. Not a stone was placed over his grave, nor was any notice of his loss taken by any Leipzig newspaper. Frederick the Great, however, a discriminating, though not generous, art patron, had treated him with barren honor, and had given him such prestige, as lay in the exclamation, "Only one Bach—only one Bach!" when made by a king. But the honor, though empty, was sound. There was only one Bach, and there is only one Bach still.

Miss Kay-Shuttleworth's book is full of facts, and therefore of interest, and gives a full and useful catalogue of all the master's works by way of appendix. It is not a book of criticism, but it amply proves, if any proof were needed, the true artistic greatness of the "one Bach" who lived more than a century before his age.

Music Abroad.

London.

DR. HANS VON BUELOW made his first appearance in London in the early part of May, giving piano Recitals of much the same character with those by Rubinstein in New York and Boston, and like him also playing all from memory. His first programme was as follows:

- L. v. Beethoven.
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, in E flat.
- J. S. Bach.
Prelude et Fugue, pour l'Orgue, in B minor.
Transcription pour Piano de Liszt.
- L. v. Beethoven.
Sonata, Op. 110, in A flat.
- R. Schumann.
Un Carnaval a Vienne, 5 morceaux de Fantasie, op. 26.
Allegro. Romance. Scherzino. Intermezzo. Finale.
- F. Chopin.
a. Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, in G.
b. Impromptu, Op. 36, in F sharp.
c. Tarantella, Op. 43.
d. Valse, Op. 42.
- F. Liszt.
Venezia e Napoli, Canzone e Saltarello.

The *Musical Standard* (May 10) says:

It is when we come to the *readings* of the different pieces of the programme that the critical faculty is called into play. Dr Bülow most certainly is not open to the charge of conventionality; the only question is whether he does not err on the other side. In the playing of the two sonatas of Beethoven, for instance, the readings were in many points quite different to our generally received ideas, and

we are compelled to add that, looking at these works as a whole, there seemed to be a sketchiness of conception in their treatment, notwithstanding the exquisite finish bestowed on particular phrases. But, on the other hand, this unconventional and independent treatment of the works to be interpreted gave great interest and new effect to such compositions as those of Schumann's and Chopin's above specified. The playing of these numbers was truly astonishing, nor have we ever heard a finer rendering of Chopin's music. The impression created by the Nocturne in G, Op. 37, with the clear and delicate rendering of the passages of thirds and sixths, will long remain unerased in the memory of those who heard it. The performance, too, of Bach's Prelude and Fugue was a triumph of art which produced a very marked impression on the audience. The interest felt in this celebrated pianist was evidenced by the very large gathering of musical celebrities which we noticed in the hall. Without doubt a great star has appeared amongst us, but whether some other stars of known names will pale before it, is still a matter of doubt.

Of the second Recital the *Orchestra* (16th) reports:

The fame of Germany's greatest pianist drew an immense audience, and St. James's Hall was filled to its utmost overflow. The programme consisted of the grand pedal Prelude and Fugue for the organ in A minor, (the first of the six grand set); Brahms' variations on an air by Handel; Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour;" the Cat's Fugue by Scarlatti; Toccata by Rheinberger; Minuet and Gigue by Mozart; Gavotte by Gothaard, and Berceuse, Scherzo, Nocturne, and Finale, by Chopin.

Every appearance of Dr. Bülow raises him in the estimation of all artists and the general public. He is never the same. Although impulsive, permitting himself great liberty, he is clearly bound by strict law. However new the mode of presentation, it is in perfect harmony with the thought and form of the original. Idea, of course, predominates over form; and Dr. Bülow, by the magic of a present and presiding impression, by the peculiar imprint of an apparently sudden enthusiasm, conceals all the routine of the art-mechanism and superadds the stress of creative genius. The marvellous versatility, the headlong impetuosity, the varied hue in the coloring give to each movement under the hands of Dr. Bülow the impression of composition just fresh from the mint. Still each composer receives special justice, and luxuriance of mere play is kept within limits.

Dr. Bülow does not play Beethoven by the square. He is sufficiently heterodox to think that certain tone pictures of Beethoven are correlative with certain types of feeling, and these types are flung out with fiery freshness and surpassing glow from the furnace of his imagination. He does not attempt to recreate musical structure, but he lets his hearers into the real secrets of Beethoven's power—the variety of his rhythms and the true expression of their poetical character. Bülow has no mannerism, for Beethoven had none. He renders the thoughts in their true vital strength and their perfect lyrical flow.

The "Cat's fugue" was told off with great distinctness: puss walked through her chromatic passage with a sonorous appeal and straightforward courage. People like to connect the imagination with matters of fact. There is great display of resources in this little gem, and Dr. Bülow refined and exalted the wit of a cunning contriver in counterpoint.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Mr. Joseph Barnby, to whose public exertions in various ways our musical amateurs are already so much indebted, is now trying an experiment which we cannot but think will bring good fruits. We do not here refer to the oratorio performances, given by the Albert Hall Choral Society, under his able direction, but to the concerts, now of daily occurrence, at which for the first time is allotted a real and substantial place to music in the International Exhibition, where other arts have hitherto obtained conspicuous recognition. Painting, sculpture and architecture possess an advantage of which music cannot boast. Masterpieces in any of these arts may be seen and judged, day after day, without the intervention of a medium; whereas music absolutely requires a medium, in the shape of a performer or a body of performers, to give audible utterance to the thoughts of the composer. A printed score of a symphony, quartet, or overture is of little avail, inasmuch as, however

ready at hand, there is hardly one person out of a thousand who can read it. Mr. Barnby's idea, therefore, of making music as accessible to those who attend the Exhibition as other arts is worthy of all commendation. Day after day he provides a concert of vocal and instrumental music, of about an hour and a half in duration, the programme consisting exclusively of selections from the works of acknowledged masters, ancient and modern. He has an orchestra of some 50 or 60 strong, with Mr. Deichmann at the head of the violins, and Mr. Petit at the head of the violoncellos, conducted, it is scarcely requisite to add, by Mr. Barnby himself. An orchestral symphony, or concerto, two overtures, and some vocal pieces are to be heard on every occasion. A fair idea of the character of the performances may be gathered from the works already presented. Among other things there have been three of Beethoven's symphonies, in C, C minor and F (No. 8); Haydn's Symphony in G (*The Surprise*); Schumann's in E flat; Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's in E minor (*The Spring*); and Mendelssohn's Scotch and Reformation Symphonies. Among the overtures we have had the *Zauberflöte* and *Clementi* di *Tito* of Mozart; Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*; *Mehul's Chasse du Jeune Henri*; Julius Rietz's *Lustspiel*; Weber's *Oberon*; M. Gounod's *Médecin Malgré lui*; Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*; Beethoven's *Egmont*; and the Overture composed by the late Auber expressly for the Exhibition of 1862. The miscellaneous pieces have included the "Dance of Reapers," from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's music to the *Tempest*; Mendelssohn's *Cornelius* March; a ballet piece from Schubert's *Rosamunde*; Signor Ardit's *pot-pourri* from the *Lothengrin* of Wagner; M. Gounod's *Salterello* and Processional March from the *Reine de Saba*; Handel's Organ Concerto in G minor (organist, Mr. Best); and a choice series of vocal pieces contributed by Misses Katherine Poynz, Dones, D'Almaine, and Walton, Mlle. Gips, Mr. Thurley Beale, &c.

The educational value of the concerts is considerably enhanced by the interesting and instructive notes to each programme from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett. Mr. Barnby's last oratorio concert for the season was given on Wednesday evening week, when Handel's too-long neglected *Belshazzar* was performed.—*Times, May 8.*

THE JUBILEE SINGERS,—the same real colored minstrels from the Southern States who have excited so much interest here—are now in England. The *Orchestra* says:

The music, while somewhat recalling the Gregorian construction is altogether apart—wild, piquant, tender and pathetic. Sung with great sweetness by unaccompanied voices, the tunes have in them something exceedingly touching and attractive. They are infinitely more fervent, more replete with true feeling, despite their undeniable grotesqueness, than the manufactured songs breathed by the lamp-blacked gentlemen who profess to interpret negro sentiment and negro comedy. There is nothing of the "Lovely Lily Lee," or "Down beneath the waving willow" order—the nearest approach to the conventional negro melodies of the drawing-room being Miss Jennie Jackson's singing of "The old folks at home." But this song is a genuine importation, and not of London manufacture. It belongs to the time before a nigger race grew up and was educated and lived and died within easy access of Regent-street and Piccadilly.

The Jubilee Singers are likely to prove a great success. They have secured the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Shaftesbury is likely to secure the fashionable religious world which flocks up to Exeter Hall in May.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The following was the programme of the fourth concert given at St. James's Hall, on Monday, May 12:

Symphony in C.....	Mozart.
Cavatina, "Nobil Signor" (Gli Ugonotti). Meyerbeer.	Mme. Justine Macvitz.
Concerto, [MS.] for violin.....	G. A. Macfarren.
[First time of performance]—Violin, Herr Straus.	
Cavatina, "Caro nome" (Rigoletto). Verdi.	
Andante and Rondo from Concerto for Flute, Op. 69.....	Molique.
Overture, "Anacreon".....	Cherubini.
Symphony, in C minor.....	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Dolce Conforto" (I Giuramenti). Mercadante.	
Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro".....	Mozart.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—Dr. Wylde has already given two concerts and two "rehearsals." At the first he produced Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and a selection from Handel's *L'Allegro ed il*

Pensieroso. At the second, on Wednesday, the 7th, Mozart's early opera, *Idomeneo*, was revived, after an interval of two years; that is to say, select parts thereof culled from each of the three acts. *Encores* were secured for the air of Ilia, "Se il padre perdei, the March in F, and the beautiful chorus, in E, "Placido è il mar." Dr. Hans Von Bülow played Henselt's Concerto in F minor, also a Fugue of Mendelssohn's, and a Fantasy of Mozart's.

LEIPZIG.—We have before us the very remarkable programme of a Concert given in the Gewandhaus on Sunday, May 11, in aid of the "honorary fund" (*Ehrenfonds*) for ROBERT FRANZ. This concert was arranged by the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts, the Pauliner-Verein, and Riedel's Society. The artists who contributed their services were Prof. Joseph Joachim, the great violinist, and his wife, the admirable contralto singer; Frau Julianne Flinsach and Fr. Klara Heinemeyer; Robert Wiedemann, the tenor, E. Gura, baritone, &c.; and Kapellmeister Reinecke, who played all the piano accompaniments. The selections (with the exception of two Violin pieces and a Handel duet) were wholly from the works of Franz, as follows:

1. Kyrie, for mixed voices.
2. Three Tenor Songs:
 - a. Genesung. Op. 5. No. 12.
 - b. Widmung. " 14. " 1.
 - c. "Wenn der Frühling auf die Berge steigt." Op. 42. No. 6.
3. J. S. BACH: Sonata in B minor, for piano and violin.
4. Three Contralto songs (Mme. Amalia Joachim):
 - a. "Weil auf mir." Op. 9. No. 3.
 - b. Die Verlassene. " 40. " 5.
 - c. "Mein Schatz ist auf der Wanderschaft." Op. 40. No. 1.
5. Three Songs for mixed choir. Op. 24, Nos. 3, 4, 5.
6. Hebrew Melody, for 'Cello and Piano.
7. Four Soprano Songs (Frau Flinsach):
 - a. Die Lotosblume. Op. 25. No. 1.
 - b. Auf dem Meere. " 36. " 1.
 - c. Im Mai. Op. 22. No. 5.
 - d. Rastlose Liebe (*Göthe*). Op. 33. No. 6.
8. J. S. BACH: Andante, Sarabande, and Bourrée, for Violin alone. (Joachim.)
9. G. F. HANDEL: Duet for Soprano and Alto from "Giulio Cesare."
10. Three four-part songs for male voices, by the University choir (the "Paulus"). Op. 32, Nos. 4, 8, 6.
11. Four Baritone Songs (Herr Gura):
 - a. Herbstsorge. Op. 4. No. 10.
 - b. "Nun die Schatten dunkeln." Op. 10. No. 7.
 - c. "Zwei wilke Rosen." Op. 18. No. 1.
 - d. Gewitternacht. Op. 8. No. 6.

The hall, we understand, was crowded, and the utmost enthusiasm manifested to the end of the exceptionally long performance. Such a thing could not have occurred in Leipzig, if in any German city, even a year or two ago. But now his countrymen have finally awakened to the fact that they possess a true creative genius of the purest order in Robert Franz. Now that he is growing old and sick and deaf, his songs are beginning to be heard in all the concert rooms,—though here in Boston we have had them for these twenty years!

The Operas at the Leipzig Stadt-theatre in the last half of April were: Gluck's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*; Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Fliegende Holländer*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Weber's *Freyäuscht*, and Lortzing's *Undine*.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. The fiftieth Lower Rhine Festival was to begin on the 1st of June. Programme for the first day: Overture by Beethoven, Op. 115;

prologue on occasion of the fiftieth Festival; Handel's "Messiah." Second Day (June 2); *Davidde Penitente*, a Cantata, by Mozart; *Credo* from Hummel's Mass in E minor; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven.—Third day: Vocal solos; Festival Overture, by Rietz; "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, Mendelssohn; Schumann's Piano Concerto; Violin Concerto by Spohr; Chorus from Haydn's *Creation*. The directors were Julius Rietz, of Dresden, and Herr Breunung of Aix-la-Chapelle.

MUNICH.—The concerts given this spring by the Academy of Music have been unusually good. The conductor *Capellmeister*, Levi, has taken the utmost pains with his orchestra, which is becoming under his supervision, a model of perfection, as far as *ensemble* goes. Since Lachner resigned the post of director of these concerts, it has been held by several clever musicians, even for a short time by Bülow himself, but as they have not devoted their whole time,—or the greater part of it,—to the discharge of the duties assigned, the general efficiency of the orchestra gradually declined, until public opinion became scandalized at the second-rate style of performance given. Attention was also called to the importance of the functions of the conductor by one of Wagner's pamphlets containing a chapter on orchestras and conductors, and it was found necessary to place a man of energy and high repute in musical circles at the head of affairs. The first concert given under Herr Levi's leadership took place in the commencement of March, and Beethoven's "Eroica" was selected for the *début*—if we may so term it—of the reconstituted orchestra, which was kept well in hand by the conductor, who did not allow the finer passages in the music to be lost by any weak execution. Brahms's cantata "Rinaldo," furnished a scene for Herr Vogel to render with his usual facility and taste. Several songs composed by Franz were also given by the same vocalist, who was accompanied by Levi himself. It is now becoming quite the fashion for the conductor to accompany, since Buelow never considers it beneath his dignity to undertake that task at any of the concerts of which he is the conductor. This is a most wholesome innovation, for what becomes of the singers' talent if the accompaniment be faulty. The programme was carefully and successfully gone through and subsequent performances have only served to increase the reputation of Levi's ability as a conductor and the general excellence of his subordinates. The royal choir gave a well-attended concert last month, at which works of Lotti, Palestrina, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Eccard and Gesius were performed with the proverbial efficiency and care which the royal choir always display.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. Standard.*

WEIMAR.—A musical novelty in the shape of a *Singspiel*, or piece interspersed with songs, entitled *Jery und Bädely*, has been produced with a decided success, and, according to competent judges, will make the round of the theatres of Germany. The book is *Göthe*; the music by Mme. Ingeborg von Bronsart.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 14, 1873.

The Franz Fund Concert.

The friends here of the great song composer,—and such are all those who love his songs,—grateful for the exquisite enjoyment and the real soul's good which they have found in those songs for years, and sympathizing deeply with the man himself, of whose necessities

and physical infirmities we have for some time heard so sad a story, were present in full numbers at Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday evening, the last of May. Nearly 300 tickets at \$5.00 had been privately disposed of, and indeed taken up with zeal; and the net result was the addition of over \$1200 to the fund (the "Honor Fund," the Germans call it), which is to make the long neglected man of genius and pure devotee of Art comfortable for the remainder of his life, so far as that may be to one robbed of the power of listening to his own or any music, and, what is even worse, compelled (let us hope only for the present) to suspend his noble labors. But, besides the concert, at least two thousand dollars more have been subscribed here in large sums by half a dozen individuals; so that Boston's contribution forms a goodly part of the whole fund to be raised. Nor were the friends of Franz unmindful of the fellow citizen and artist to whom Boston chiefly owes this honor. They came together also grateful to Mr. OTTO DRESEL, who first gave the impulse to the Franz *cultus* here now more than twenty years ago, and through whose wise and quickening influence these songs have been published in this town by hundreds, and sung in parlors and in concert rooms with increasing frequency and interest; so that it is matter of history that here in little Boston Franz has been a household name for many years before this tardy recognition, now so hearty and complete, in his own Germany, not without echoes too from England, France and even Italy. Mr. Dresel has always been the trusted friend and, through his teaching and his rare tact in playing the accompaniments, the best interpreter of Franz. Through him a very substantial benefit concert,—the first, probably, which Franz ever received,—was given here six years ago. That was a memorable occasion; and now again, through his zeal and exhaustive labor, has this last and still more memorable tribute been arranged and carried through successfully in every point of view.

If this little concert had done nothing else but introduce to Boston music lovers that ever fresh and admirable work of Handel, "*L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso*,"—which has so long waited for Franz's completion of the accompaniment from the bare sketch in the score, which Handel wrote not for posterity, but simply for his own convenience,—it would have more than justified the labor and the money spent upon it. Imagine a Handel taking these two wonderful poems of Milton, dovetailing them together, so as to offset each point of the one against each point of the other, and putting all his genius into the musical illustration of such themes! How he has done it may be partly gathered from the descriptive analysis which we have translated from Crysander's very valuable book on Handel (still awaiting completion); but the genial music must be heard, when well performed, to be appreciated. And so it was performed, though on a reduced scale as to orchestra and chorus, but with all the elements well chosen and well trained together (considering the short time), on this occasion.

For the choruses, not long nor numerous, a company of about fifty mixed voices, mostly amateurs and persons of refinement, had been formed, making

a very musical ensemble as to power and quality of tone, and all entering heartily into the spirit of the task. For accompaniment Mr. Dresel presided at the piano, with the Franz arrangement before him, Mr. LEONHARD assisting, while the Beethoven Quintette Club furnished the string quartet, with the occasional aid of Mr. GÖRING's flute. Most of these choruses come in sympathetically after an Aria, whose motives they take up and reaffirm with fresh force and expansion. The first, the laughing chorus, beginning "Haste thee, nymph," taking up the burthen of L'Allegro's tenor song, was happy almost in the rendering as it is in the conception. In the same way the airy, graceful minuet, with none the less of the poetry of the dance in it because it is in the minor: "Come and trip it as you go," also responded to the challenge of the tenor, and it went lightly and "trippingly on the tongue."

The Pensieroso chorus has nothing to offset against all this except a single page of serene and lovely harmony: "Join with thee calm Peace and Quiet, spare Fast," &c. An enchanting chorus is that which is awakened by the Air: "Or let the merry bells ring round," the chorus beginning with the second motive: "And young and old come forth to play." It is all full of echoing and mingling sounds of merriment,—the bells of London streets, the "jocund rebecks," and the dance;—and then the wonderful beauty of the slower closing passage, in the minor, where they "creep to bed, by whispering winds soon lulled to sleep!" the way in which parties of the voices take up and repeat these words, softly and musically, with the drooping, lulling sweetness of the accompaniment, and the dreamy organ-like cadence of the closing harmonies, forms one of the most exquisite effects of which musical art is capable. The whole piece with its contrasts, all so natural, yet handled with consummate skill, is as poetic and imaginative in Handel's music as it was in Milton's mind; in fact it is one of those cases where music can express so much more than words. The next chorus (still on the Allegro side) is led in by a few measures of bass solo: "Populous cities," &c.; it brings most palpably around you "the busy, busy hum of men," in the humming little figure which is taken up in canon by one voice part after another; followed by statelier measures at the mention of "throng of knights," and due musical obeisance before "store of ladies" who award the prize. The closing chorus of L'Allegro: "Mirth, with thee we mean to live," was omitted; and it was only fair considering that Il Pensieroso has had scarcely any choral word at all until we come now to the beautiful, rich, tranquil fugued chorus which closes the second part: "These pleasures, Melancholy, give." Here it closed the whole performance, for it would have been sheer anti-climax to have given the third part, "Il Moderato," which the absurd Jennens induced Handel to compose in praise of mere indifference, or mediocrity, as if Milton's two contrasted moods required such reconciliation in a negative third term! Yet there too Handel squandered some most admirable music. But was there any need of any musical conclusion more complete than is afforded by this vocal fugue? In this you find repose; it puts a full and happy period to the conflict, showing the greater sweetness of a serious, thoughtful, calm, religious life.

So much for the choruses; but by far the greater portion of the work consists of Recitative and Airs for solo voices. Here, owing to the uncertain health of Mrs. MOULTON, who was to have divided the soprano solos with Miss CLARA DORIA, double duty fell upon the latter lady, which she discharged to the entire satisfaction of all present. In the bright, fresh, florid melodies of the Allegro, and in the lofty, serious strains of Pensieroso, she was in

voice and style and all points of expression, true to all the phases of the poem and the music. After the opening recitative or challenge of each party, the first Aria of each (both for Soprano) were omitted. In a large and noble style she gave the singing recitative: "Forget thyself to marble," and the beautiful Andante into which it leads, about "calm peace and quiet," and the Muses "round about Jove's altar." Allegro sings of the Lark and morning, whereupon Pensieroso brings on the Nightingale and moonlight, fit themes for music both. And both of these elaborate and brilliant soprano airs she sang with liquid purity of tone and the most finished, tasteful execution. The lark-like prelude and accompaniment to the former (Presto), for violin obligato, was very nicely played by Mr. ALLEN, and the florid flute part to the Nightingale was finely trilled and warbled upon Mr. GÖRING's flute; but a flute is not a nightingale, and it was not until Miss Doria's voice took up the same liquid runs and phrases, rendering them with even more exquisite certainty and ease, that the tones seemed to have a soul in them, and those who have known the bird "most musical most melancholy," could say there she is!

It were too much to speak of all. Passing a few pieces we come to one of the noblest and most strikingly original of all the arias, that in which Il Pensieroso conjures up the song of Orpheus, which, "warbled to the string, drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." You almost see those tears; and the voice that sang them had "a tear in it," while the "warbling," in a persistent little figure with a trill, alternated between the voice and the expressive violoncello of WULF FRIES. The Canzona: "Hide me from day's garish eye," with the suggestion of "some strange mysterious dream," where you feel an exquisite sleep-waking spell and glamour in the very simple, innocent accompaniment, was sung with such a self-forgetting pure *cantabile*, that one could almost fancy it was all a dream.

The Tenor solos were sung by Mr. GEO. L. OSGOOD, who was well at home in this music, having taken part in it in Germany. He seemed to have regained the full power and freshness of his voice since his long concert tour with Thomas. The strikingly dramatic opening recitative he rendered with great power; and in the difficult laughing Aria he was quite successful, as well as in the following Minuet. Equally so in the calm, meditative strain: "Oft on a plat of rising ground," where the deep boom of the curfew, "swinging slow with sullen roar," against the dreamy flowing *pianissimo* of the violins, is so impressive. The pastoral Sicilia strain was very beautifully sung. He put a deal of life into the pompous opening "I'll to the well-trod stage anon," and was very happy in the execution of the warbling allusion to Shakespeare's "wood-notes wild."

The only Bass song, besides the introduction to the Chorus: "Populous cities," is the ringing hunting strain, beginning: "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," which was effectively sung by Mr. SCHLESINGER.

The omissions, actually necessary to keep the concert within bounds, were all judicious, consisting of the few numbers which could, musically, be well dispensed with, though the continuity of the poem suffered somewhat. All seemed surprised and heartily delighted with this fine, fresh, imaginative work of Handel which had been so long kept in reserve for them. We trust this taste of it will secure its performance on a fuller scale, with orchestra, next season; it would make a good feature in one of the Symphony Concerts.

A short second part, short and sweet, consisted of a few Songs and Part-Songs for mixed voices, all

by Franz. The songs, all admirably sung by Miss Doria, were well contrasted: namely, the wild and passionate "Gewitternacht," with the melting pathos of its relating final mood; the tender "Wandl' ich in dem Wald des Abends" (op. 39); "O not in May alone" (op. 22); "Hast forgot the violet bank" (op. 16); and the Swiss song from Goethe (op. 33): "Ufm Bergli bin i g'säss," quaint, arch melody with a wild mountain strawberry flavor, which was given to a charm. The two part-songs, placed before and after the songs, are of the best things ever written in their kind, and were happy in the rendering.

NEW YORK, JUNE 7.—The great master of the piano, who has given such an impulse to art in our land within the past eight months, has left us with the expressed determination not to return; but he has scattered, far and wide among us, germs of thought which will spring up and bring forth good fruit further in the future than we can look.

His last achievement in this country was one which has never been approached in our musical record, and it would be incredible had not Rubinstein taught us already the full meaning of the maxim "*Nil admirari*."

At the seven pianoforte recitals at Steinway Hall, with which he terminated his engagement in America, he performed from memory more than one hundred pieces, embracing almost every style and school of any prominence, from the time of Johann Sebastian Bach to the present day.

And, not only this, but he gave to every piece, in a great measure, its own true expression and coloring,—enough at least to satisfy ordinary mortals, if not the professor who passed twenty years in conscientious study of Beethoven's twelfth Sonata.

The first of these unique recitals took place on Monday afternoon, May 12, and was devoted entirely to the old masters of harmony. The pianist began with three preludes and fugues from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," of J. S. Bach, followed by a Gigue and the "Chromatic Fantasia" by the same composer. Philip Emanuel Bach was represented by a graceful Rondo; and Handel by the "Harmonious Blacksmith" and an air and variations in D minor. Then came an Andante and Variations by Haydn, and Scarlatti's "Cat's fugue" (suggested to the composer by the notes struck by a cat which jumped upon the keys of his Harpsichord, and *not*, as many people appear to suppose, in imitation of the feline vocalism which soothes our drowsy senses at the midnight hour.) The artist also played a "Sonata" by the same composer; but why it should be called a *Sonata*, when it consists of one movement only, is more than I can imagine. The selections from Mozart which closed the concert, were as follows:

Fantasia, C minor. Gigue, G major. Rondo, A minor. Alla Tusca, from Sonata, A major.

The second recital, Wednesday, May 14, was devoted entirely to Beethoven, and comprised the following selections:

Sonata, (Moonlight), C sharp minor, opus 27.	Beethoven.
Sonata, D minor, opus 31.....	"
" C major, Opus 53.....	"
" (Appassionata), F minor, Opus 57.....	"
" E major, Opus 100.....	"
" C minor, Opus 111.....	"

Rubinstein's rendering of the C-sharp minor Sonata reminded me of the description given by Berlioz of a performance of the same piece by Liszt. "The notes are quickened and retarded until the quiet sadness is troubled by their passionate utterance, and the thunder rolls through cloudless skies darkened only by the absence of the sun." But I doubt if Liszt could more perfectly interpret the wonderful Adagio of this piece than did Rubinstein, and the same may be said of the entire programme.

The other recitals were as follows:

Third Recital, Friday Afternoon, May 16.

Fantaisie, C major.....	Schubert.
Minuet from the Fantaisie in G major.....	"
Moments Musicales, C major, A flat major, F minor.....	"
Sonata, A flat major.....	Weber.
Memento Capriccioso.....	"
Invitation à la Valse.....	"
Polaca, E major.....	"
Songs without Words.....	Mendelssohn.
Scherzo Capriccio.....	"
Scherzo Fantaisie.....	"
Variations Serieuses.....	"

Fourth Recital, Saturday Afternoon, May 17.

Etudes Symphoniques, in the form of Variations.....	Schumann.
Kreisleriana.....	"
Fantaisie Pieces: Warum, Abends, Traumes-wirren.....	"
Romance, D minor.....	"
Bird as a Prophé, Forest Scenes.....	"
Studies for the Pedal Piano, A minor, A flat major, B minor.....	"
Carneval, Scènes Mignonnes.....	"

Fifth Recital, Monday Afternoon, May 19.

Fantaisie, F minor.....	Chopin.
Preludes, E minor, A major, B minor, D flat major, D minor.....	"
Mazurkas, F sharp minor, E flat major.....	"
Valses, E flat major, A minor, A minor, A flat major, C sharp, D flat.....	"
Polonoises, A major, C sharp, A flat major.....	"
Nocturnes, B minor, F sharp major, G minor, A flat major, B major, F minor, D flat major, C minor.....	"
Impromptu, A flat major.....	"
Berceuse, Tarantelle, Scherzo.....	"
Ballades, G minor, F major, A flat major.....	"
Etudes, A flat major, F minor, C minor, C sharp minor, E flat, C minor, A flat major, E major, A minor.....	"
Marche Funèbre, Sonata, B minor.....	"

Sixth Recital, Tuesday Afternoon, May 20.

Nocturnes, E flat major, A major, B flat major, Field-Orage, Berceuse, Fontaine, St oiseau j'étais, Henselt, Etude, A minor.....	Thalberg.
Fantaisie, Don Juan, Mozart.....	"
Fantaisie, Don Juan, Mozart.....	Liszt.
Morgen-Ständchen, Auf dem Wasser, Schubert.....	"
Erl King, Valse, Soirée de Vienne.....	"
Le Moine, Meyerbeer.....	"
Soirées Musicales, Gondola, Regatta, Serenade, La Danza, Rossini.....	"
Stabat Mater, Cuius animam, Rossini.....	"
Fantaisie, Lucia, Donizetti.....	"
Valse Impromptu, A flat major.....	"
Rhapsodie Hongroise, D flat major.....	"

Seventh Recital, Thursday Evening, May 22.

Prelude and Fugue, A flat major.....	Rubinstein.
Preludes, E major, B minor.....	"
Theme and Variations.....	"
Melodies, F major, C minor.....	"
National Dances, Waltz, Mazourka.....	"
Barcarolles, F minor, G major, A minor.....	"
Romances, F major, A flat major, Tarantelle.....	"
Valse, Polonaise de la Fantaisie, Le Bal.....	"
Suite, Sarabande, Passe Pied, Courante, Gavotte.....	"
Serenade Russe.....	"
Caprice Russe, de l'Album de Peterhof.....	"
New Melodie, Impromptu.....	"
Nocturne, G flat major, Scheizo.....	"
Minatures, Serenade—Près du ruisseau.....	"
Etudes, F minor, F major, C major.....	"
Nocturne, A flat major.....	"
Variations on Yankee Doodle.....	"

The house was well filled at all the concerts, and at the close of the last recital much enthusiasm was manifested, and the great artist was recalled repeatedly. To tell the truth, however, his long series of Variations on *Yankee Doodle* (!) sounded like elaborate sarcasm. Let us hope that they were not so intended.

A. A. C.

Our Orchestras.

The query is frequently made why an orchestra as capable as that under the control of Theodore Thomas cannot be kept together in Boston. The reasons are many and the objections nearly insurmountable. To begin with, Mr. Thomas keeps his band together through the summer in nightly concerts at the Central Park Gardens, and through the remainder of the year in concert trips over the country. It is doubtful, if, without these means, the organization could be kept unbroken. So long as adobe-headed legislatures pass absurd sumptuary laws, entertainments on the plan of those given at the Central Park Gardens will hardly be possible in Boston. Any one who has attended those concerts knows that not only is the audience made up of the best people in the city, but that, despite the eating and beer-drinking going on, there is never any disturbance or unseemly conduct.

Another point, and an important one, is the comparative scarcity of competent musicians here. The

musicians' union of New York numbers some fifteen hundred members, about a half of whom are capable of playing symphonies and other works of a high order. Besides these there are many superior musicians not belonging to the union; not more than half of the Philharmonic society's orchestra are members of the union. Of course it will be seen that Mr. Thomas has a large force from which to draw. In fact, changes in his orchestra are frequent, and are rendered necessary by his determination to bring together the best body of instrumental players that can possibly be made up; but, like the boy's jackknife of the logic-book, which remains intact though furnished with new handle and blade, Thomas's orchestra is practically always the same organization. The musicians' union of Boston does not number more than three hundred, of which a small proportion only is available for concerts of the highest grades of music. At each of the Handel and Haydn Festivals it has been found necessary to send to New York and Philadelphia for recruits; and there are certain instruments for which no good players can be found here—the harp, for instance.

Furthermore, Mr. Thomas's followers being steadily employed by him, do not have to eke out their income by the drudgery of teaching, or other means, and can, therefore, give more time to study and practice of the works of the masters. And this employment and submision to the will of one man is the real secret of the perfection of the performances by this deservedly popular band. The case, here, is sadly different; Herr Dreiseltkoff is the regular first triangle in the symphony orchestras; he is the head of the percussive family in the Rhenish brass-band; plays the organ at Saint Marguerite's where his daughter sings a whispering alto—a *palo alto* as a facetious friend calls it; instructs an accordion class in the Universal Calisthenium of Melody; two nights a week, in the summer, may be found at his brother's lager-beer saloon, thumping out Blue Danubians and New Viennas; two nights a week, in the winter, "calls" at dancing-parties; and devotes his spare hours to reading proof for his son, who is a music engraver, or writing music, "for the trade," of all sorts, from adaptations of symphonies for the piano to sickly ballads of childhood (the words by infant minds), or comic songs of inexpressible dreariness, "Jobs," too, often present themselves in the shape of calls for "substitutes" in the theatrical orchestras. And he must be a lazy fellow, indeed, if he cannot find time to earn two-dollar fees by tuning piano-fortes for his private pupils on that persecuted instrument. And if, with all these irons in the fire, he can find time to heat another by writing musical criticisms and correspondence for *Roland's Musical Gazette*, he may possibly manage to earn as much as the humblest member of Mr. Thomas's orchestra. It is useless to talk of discipline in a band constituted of such material, or of musicians who are obliged to thus vary their calling in order to earn a decent livelihood.

There is little exaggeration in the above picture. Every member of the Harvard orchestra has other duties and other means of support. Many of them are members of theatrical orchestras, none of which go through a season without changes. It cannot then be expected that an orchestra gathered together for a symphony concert will do justice either to itself or to the music; the causes already cited will have their due influence; added to these is the impossibility of enforcing thorough discipline among players, who, in other organizations recognize as leaders some half-dozen other gentlemen besides the one who undertakes to guide them through the mazes of symphony and classic overture. One little instance may suffice to show the lack of the implicit obedience on the part of our players. At the last Harvard concert Schubert's greatest symphony was performed; there occurs in the work a *staccato* passage for the violins, which should be played, as taught in some schools, with a "bounced bow," while others say the arm should be moved. Now, if the conductor had ordered one method to be used, that should have been enough, the conductor being held responsible on the question of either taste or propriety; as the larger part "bounced" their bows, it may be presumed that such an order had been given. But there was no remedy to apply in the case of the recalcitrant fiddlers; the poverty of the means at command here prevented the discharge of the disobedient members. There are many excellent musicians in New York who have expressed their preference for this city, and would readily come here, could they be assured of uninterrupted employment as orchestral players.—*Sunday Courier*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Domenica, Sacred Pieces by L. H. Southard. No. 1. Have mercy. Solo, Duet, Trio Chorus. 4. F to f. 50

Graceful, beautiful, correct and impressive.

Will he come. (For Contralto). 3. D to a. Sullivan. 35

O fair Dove! O fond Dove! For Guitar by Hayden. 3. D minor to d. Gatty. 30

A song is no sooner a decided *success* than it is arranged for various voices and instruments. The above are two very convenient arrangements of favorite songs.

Song of the Triton. 3. Eb to b. Molloy. 30 "Clinkey clink, the Triton. The high b may be lowered an octave. A hearty kind of salt-sea song."

Guinevere. 4. C to e. Sullivan. 40 "There was snow in the moonlight gleaming, Pure white in the cloister grey."

Of high character and deep expression. Properly sung should be an effective song for the parlor or concert room.

Bright angels are waiting for me. 3. G to g. Stirman. 30 "Tired feet are nearing the heavenly shore." A beautiful ballad.

Remember or forget. 3. D to c. Adé. 30 "Sight of rose and song of bird. Were fraught with wild regret."

If Wishes were Horses. 3. G to e. Rosen. 30 "I'd fly to the uttermost parts of the earth To help the weak and right the wrong."

A good humored poem by Chas Mackay, with good music.

Clasped to her Breast her Baby lay. (Lithograph Title). 3. Ab to e. Pratt. 40 One of the sweet mournful memories of the Atlantic wreck, of which a view is given on the title. The picture and music are well worth purchasing and retaining.

Instrumental.

Rideau Hall Polka. 3. D. De Angelis. 35 Dedicated to Countess Dufferin, wife of the Governor General of the New Dominion. A graceful and sprightly Polka.

March of the Boston School Regiment. 2. F. French. 30

What would the much-whipped Boston boy of 30 years since have thought of the prophecy, that all the big boys in Boston would play soldier in school! And wear uniforms! And carry real guns! And form a regiment? Well, that is so; and here is a famous march, really played by a band for the boys to march by. Now the Boston boys are not selfish. Any boys in the world may step to it, too, for all they care.

Spitfire. Polka Brillante. 4. G. Echmeier. 40 What a name for a Polka! But it is a fiery thing, be sure of that, and no one can hear it without being thoroughly waked up and warmed, and a "clapping" at the end of its performance will usually ensue.

Three Pieces by A. Jungmann, ca. 35 1. Longing for Home. 3. Eb.

3. Elfins Dance. 3. C.

It is probable that Jungmann cannot possibly write anything but the most delicate, sweet, tasteful music. At any rate he always does write it. Of the above the "Longing for Home" is not at all like "Heinwöh," although the titles are similar. Music sweet and flowing. The Elfins Dance is neat, staccato, piquant;—in short Elfins-like.

Fallen Leaves. 12 Short Pieces. Osborne, ea. 25 Twilight. 3. Ab. The Gondola. 3. Ab.

The Reapers. 3. G. The Weeping Willow. 3. C-sharp minor.

Four pieces of a set that will evidently be a favorite with amateurs, teachers and scholars. The music although pretty, is easy, is of a high character, full of good taste, full of musical thought, and well arranged for practice. It is also not tedious, as the pieces are short.

Twilight Bells. [Abend Glocken]. Reverie Réligeuse. 4. Bb.

Marked "Andante religioso," and is a "Hymn without words" of more than average merit.

Coco. Polka Mazurka. 3. Eb. Mignault. 30

Very graceful mazurka.

Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream. 8 hds. Schmidt. 2.50

Admirable.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

